THE ART of LIFE;

AN EPISTLE TO J—. R—. Esq;

—— Versate diu quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri —— HOR.
—— Sit quodvis Simplex duntaxat et unum. HOR.
Cùm tua pervideas oculis mala lippus inunctis.
Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum,
Quàm aut aquila, aut Serpens Epidaurius? — HOR.

To which is added,

Some other Select PIECES,
On various SUBJECTS, entirely New.

WITH
A TRANSLATION of a *Latin* POEM,
ENTITLED,

ABRAMIS.

Publish'd in the YEAR 1735.

LONDON:
Printed for L. GILLIVER and J. CLARKE, at *Homer's Head*, over-against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Fleet-Street*, and at their Shop in *Westminster-Hall*; and Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*: Also by Mr. THURLBOURN at *Cambridge*, and Mr. FLETCHER at *Oxford*. M,DCC,XXXVII.
[Price Six-Pence.]

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TO

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[Price Six Pence.]

THE

ART of LIFE, &c.

THOU bleſt with ev'ry choiceſt Gift in Life,
Health, Wiſdom, Fortune, Children, and a Wife:
Thou faithful Counſel, and wrong'd Client's Friend,
A while the knotty Points of Law ſuſpend.

The Deſign of this Epiſtle is to point out the Miſcarriages in Life, occaſion'd by Men's chuſing Buſineſs, without conſidering what Abilities they have for it.

Another Fault reprehended, is Unſteadineſs in Attention to Buſineſs, when well choſen; running from one Employment to another; and purſuing various Schemes at once, inconſiſtent one with another.

It concludes with a Remark on the Folly of cenſuring Faults in others, for which a Man is notorious himſelf.

As for the Structure of it, it is an Addreſs to a worthy Friend. The Advice given is deliver'd as the Doctrine of another Perſon; whoſe Remarks being illuſtrated by Examples of fictitious Characters, he only makes the Epiſtle a Satire, who makes the Application.

'The skilful Rider curbs his panting Horſe;
'The Bow is ſlacken'd to preſerve its Force:
'Tir'd with the weighty Buſineſs of the Day,
'His Mind *Auguſtus* wou'd relax with Play.
Afford ſome vacant Minutes for my Muſe;
Nor will thy Deareſt Half my Lays refuſe.
No wanton Tales *Neander*'s Papers ſtain;
Nor fulſome Flatt'ries make the Proud more vain.
His peaceful Muſe ſhall never diſcompoſe
Stale Prudes, or gay Coquets, or flutt'ring Beaus:
Or Favourites in Power, or Patriots out;
Tho' I their boaſted Patriotiſm doubt,
Who at Elections loud aſſert the Church,
But in the Senate leave her in the Lurch.
Be it complain'd of by ſome Scarf-Divine,
Not me, who ſumptuous on one Diſh can dine;
That modern Peers from Table Grace diſcard,
And Chaplain, erſt from Cuſtard only barr'd;
That they may Heav'n affront without Controll,
And circulate with bawdy Songs the Bowl.
Let pillag'd Merchants ſay, how haughty *Spain*,
Whoſe Naval Pow'r we ſcorn, our Ships have ta'en,—

That

That, whilſt mechanick Kings ſupport their Looms,
Britannia all exceeds in Hippodromes.
By ſtarving Tradeſmen be it ſadly told,
That now we buy, what our Forefathers ſold.
What then?— ſuch ſtrong Alliances are made;
So faſt by Sinking-Fund our Debts are paid:
We are ſo rich!— there is no need of Trade.
Tho' Royal CAROLINE wears *Britiſh* Lace;
Dear *Bruſſels* ſtill adorns each *Britiſh* Face.
Well may the World our coſtly Nymphs deride,
Whoſe Queen's a ſilent Satire on their Pride.
Why ſhould I curious ask what *Harpax* means,
To keep at once a Brace of Rival Queans?
Statira's mild: *Roxana* drams and ſwears.
He loves *Statira*; but *Roxana* fears;
Yet keeps her, as you'd hold a Wolf, by's Ears:
But neither can enjoy with half the Guſt;
His Av'rice ſo upbraids him for his Luſt.
Taught by *Euphroneon*, I deſcribe the Coaſt
Where, in Life's Voyage, many have been loſt.

The good *Euphronæon*, by Experience wiſe,
His dear *Eugene* and me did thus adviſe.

Nature, when this vaſt Syſtem ſhe produc'd,
And into Kinds unnumber'd Life infus'd,
Did on each Species diff'rent Powers beſtow:
And all, but Man, their proper Talents know:
Act uniform, and pleas'd their Station keep,
Whether they range the Earth, or ſlowly creep,
Or ſkim the liquid Air, or cut the Deep.
No Songſters of the Wood the Rivers try,
Nor Swans, except the Poet's, ſinging die.

The Crow once, wheedled by falſe *Reynard*'s Tongue,
Miſtook his Talent, and wou'd try a Song.
How dear did that Miſtake the Cully coſt!
He gap'd to ſing, and lo! his Breakfaſt loſt.

A Fable this — but is to all apply'd,
Who vain affect what Nature has deny'd.

How *Codrus*, diſappointed, raves to loſe
Th' abortive Product of his lab'ring Muſe!
The Blame on want of Genius let him lay;
Not damn the Pit, that double-damn'd his Play.
Let him chop Logick, from the Scene withdraw;
Study the Statutes, and explain the Law:

Attend

Attend the Judges, thunder in the Court;
H' has Face and Mem'ry, Lungs and Shoulders for't.
Or let him preach, high rais'd, with graceful Mein
O'er Velvet Cuſhion — he may be a Dean.
None better tun'd of all the Caſſock-Tribe:
Too lazy to compoſe, he may tranſcribe.

In Choice of Buſineſs, as in Choice of Wife,
(Remember, that may prove for Term of Life,)
Take not, what Fancy, or your Pride, may hit;
But wiſely weigh for what your Powers are fit.
To that direct thoſe Powers with ſteady Aim:
Nor ſeek from fickle Change, or Wealth, or Fame.
Who in Life's buſy Drama hope to find
Deſerv'd Applauſe, thro' every Scene muſt mind
The Part, which Reaſon choſe, or Fate aſſign'd.

A Knighted Cit I knew, bred up to Trade
From Cradle, who his Lab'rers chearful paid.
He ſuffer'd none but Idlers to be poor,
And added Hundreds yearly to his Store.

Careful,

Careful, not anxious; rich, but not elate:
Friend to the Church, and loyal to the State.
Children, Grand-Children, did his Table grace;
And Strangers read their Welcome in his Face.
Thus my old Friend near half a Cent'ry liv'd:
None envy'd, for none ſuffer'd, when he thriv'd.

Beſhrew the Day, when to *Change-Alley* run
Rooks to undo, and Fools to be undone.
What a promiſcuous Rabble crowded there!
The ſurly Patriot, and the Penſion'd Peer:
The Landed Squire, the Money-hoarding Aſs:
City and Court; ſpruce Mercer, and Her Grace.
All — who did Induſtry and Buſineſs hate,
Who without Merit would be rich and great.
As if true Greatneſs could from Money flow,
As Peaſant's Pumkins on rank Dunghills grow.
My good Knight's Brain th' infectious Phrenzy turn'd:
Now Hundreds unemploy'd Stock-jobbing mourn'd.
Give o'er, my Friend, ſaid I, nor madly quit
Traffick, as fit for you, as you for it.
" At *Seven* I bought; transfer'd for *Eight* again:
" Now take at *Nine*; To-morrow ſell for *Ten*."
To-morrow?

To-morrow? — No. The Bubble's burſt. He'll find
No Fool-Adventurers are left behind.
Down *South-Sea*'s deep Abyſs his Fortune goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which ſo ſlowly roſe.
Avaro's Son, from Grammar-durance free,
In ſpite of *Pallas*, would a Poet be.
For Proſe in Metre bound got this Reward,
To be emphatically ſtil'd *The Bard.*
The fatal Miſchief reach'd *Avaro*'s Ears,
Who thus the Caſe expoſtulates with Tears.
" Was it for this I try'd my Arts to get
" Two needy Patrons in thy Father's Debt?
" Ungracious Boy! I Livings have in Store.
" Write Verſes — do — and be for ever poor.
" Ah! wou'dſt thou be adviſ'd, and, like me, live
" Foe to the Muſes! then, like me, you'd thrive."
He bow'd ſubmiſſive, and retir'd to Bed,
And on the Pillow ſunk his penſive Head.
Balmy Repoſe in Bed of Down he takes;
The Body ſlept; but mimick Fancy wakes.
Behold! a ſhining Form appears in View,
E'er Morning's glimm'ring Dawn, when Dreams are true.

A Mitre

A Mitre from the Sky deſcended ſlow,
And quiv'ring gently ſettled near his Brow.
He wak'd in Raptures: Bleſt the ſure Preſage,
And future Dignities his Soul engage.
I'll preach! I'll preach! (he cries) — the Bays diſclaims,
And Hecatombs of Doggrel dooms to Flames.
Sermons on Sermons daily does compoſe,
And native Dullneſs now exerts in Proſe.
Jogs ſlow and ſure in one dull Track of Life,
Loaded with Pelf, Preferment, and a Wife.
To *Writs* and *Entries* bred, had *Quirk* purſu'd
Buſineſs he ſtudy'd, and well underſtood;
Of Sons of Parchment equal to the beſt
He wou'd have ſhin'd, ſuperior to the reſt.
New Projects riſe in his mercurial Brain:
And now he riſques his Fortune on the Main.
He dreams of nothing leſs than half a Plumb,
And e'n anticipates the fancy'd Sum.
His Factor ſneers; he finds his Schemes are croſs'd:
But Pride diſſembles what his Folly loſt.

Cloſer

Cloſer a-while to Desk and *Courts* he ſticks;
But great Wits are too volatile to fix.

Next, Rural Scenes his giddy Fancy pleaſe:
He quits for *Terra Firma* dangerous Seas.
There ſmiling Innocence does dwell, and Health:
There Liberty he hopes to find, and Wealth.
But ſure th' Expence, not ſo the Profits riſe,
When a vain Fool Eſtates on Credit buys.
Ceres indulgent crowns the Year in vain;
The Ruſt of Uſury eats out the Grain.

On Building next the gay Projector doats:
His Dear for a fine Houſe and Garden votes.
In *Statutes* and *Reports* he rarely looks;
Wiſe and *Palladio* are his fav'rite Books.
Sempronia's Vineyard cramps the grand Deſign.
Could Gold (he ſighing ſaid) but make it mine!
The Longings of his Heart ſhe knew, and grants,
Unlike chuff *Naboth*, all the Room he wants.
Was it *Sempronia*'s Complaiſance, or Spleen?
Quirk had been rude; and Female Ire is keen.
Shou'd he not build, the Matron wiſely gueſs'd
His ſinking Fortune longer might ſubſiſt.

He builds! He builds! thy Plans, O* *Morris!* pleaſe.
Now heavy Bills his wealthy Clients ſqueeze,
And, as the Fabrick roſe, he rais'd his Fees.
At length he ſees his coſtly Scheme compleat;
Gardens, Apartments — finically neat.
So clean by *Suſan*'s Bruſh the Stairs are ſwept,
So nice the Balluſters and Fret-work kept;
A Paſſage now is to that Friend deny'd,
Whoſe eaſy Faith thoſe Vanities ſupply'd.
Can Inſolence or cancel Debts, or hide?
At this Dilemma ſoon he'll doubtful ſtand;
Or ſell the Fabrick, or give up the Land.

Thoſe Faults in others keenly Fools rebuke,
Which partial in themſelves they overlook.
Old *Feſtoon* ſmartly this Remark applied,
Attack'd by *Hazard* with leſs Senſe than Pride.
Feſtoon infected with th' *Italian* Itch,
Doom'd, like Projectors, never to be rich,
Built for Squire *Hazard*, flush'd with Lott'ry Pelf,
A pompous Box, a Cabbin for himſelf.

* A celebrated Architect and Surveyor.

"In

" In vain I've built, and loſt is my Deſign;
" If a Plebeian's Houſe muſt rival mine.
" From a Peer's Villa I the Model drew;
" And ſee that Model now burleſqu'd by you.
" What! on thy ſelf beſtow ſuch coſtly Pains?
" I much ſuſpect thy Honeſty, or Brains.
" Few Doctors take the Med'cines they diſpenſe.
" Few Lawyers for themſelves do Suits commence.
" Who builds beyond his Purſe, the Wiſe can tell,
" He builds, not to inhabit, but to ſell".

Feſtoon heard patient what inrag'd he ſpoke,
Then with a Sneer contemptuous Silence broke.
" With Marble from *Italian* Quarries brought,
" By curious Artiſts exquiſitely wrought,
" Your Chimney's Hearth, its Sides, its Front are grac'd.
" Your Plate, your Glaſſes on cool Marble plac'd.
" My richeſt Ornaments are painted Board:
" A Purchaſe, a * free Maſon could afford.

* Free Maſon here means only a Maſon out of Debt; without any Alluſion to the Antient and Honourable Society of FREE-MASONS.

" Who ſtrains not 'till he burſt, to imitate
" (Like *Æſop*'s Frog) the Wealthy and the Great.
" The Tortoiſe does not more commodious dwell
" Than the poor Snail, tho' richer be his Shell.
" Do not, becauſe I lik'd your Taſte, repine.
" You my Lord's Mimick were: I am but thine.

Weſtminſter,
March 1,
1736 7.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE *Author of the* Epiſtle on the ART of LIFE, *being ſenſible it was too ſhort to be publiſh'd by itſelf, has obtain'd Leave of a Friend to add ſome Pieces of* POETRY, *of which he had given him Copies.*

The Collection is entirely new; but the Friend, who furniſhes it, deſires to be anonymous: Tho' he has been ſo happy as to experience the Candour of the Learned and Polite, as well thoſe, to whom he has had the Honour to be known, as thoſe, to whom he was a Stranger.

Whether

Whether the Pieces are all the Productions of one Hand, or the Authors are as various as the Subjects, the Publisher does not pretend to say.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY *E*—— *H*——.

MADAM,

SINCE of my Muſe's Silence You complain,
'Tis Praiſe enough to make the Humble vain.
Whilom, ſhe would ſome little Off'rings make,
Which *B*—*cy*'s Daughter would vouchſafe to take.
Thoſe rural Trifles did the Fair amuſe,
Whilſt Sibyl Prudes the Coffee-diſh peruſe.
Or at the Toilet ſhe ſubmits to bear
Her Dreſſer's nice unneceſſary Care.
So coarſer Fare does curious Palates pleaſe,
For Change, beyond Ragous and Fricaſies.
The duteous Muſe excuſes her Delay,
'Till ſhe in Form can her Devotion pay.
When Miſers for ſome annual Feaſt provide,
Their Table's ſcanty all the Year beſide.

So

So does it with Your humble Poet fare:
A publick Treat engroſſes all his Care;
For private Uſe he has no Wit to ſpare.
'Twixt them and me there does this Diff'rence lie,
Their Thrift is Av'rice, mine is Poverty.

Safer I'd been from publick View remov'd,
By a few generous noble Friends approv'd,
Than now in Print, in this Poetick Age,
Heedleſs to brave the ſnarling Critic's Rage.

Since 'tis decreed—do you my Lays receive:
I'll fear no Cenſure. Fame no more can give.

THE

THE Careleſs HUSBAND: OR, THE CITY BRIDE.

TOWNLY, the gayeſt Man in Life,
Would ſettle, and ſo took a Wife.
She City-bred, ſo moody-hearted,
Papa wou'd never have her thwarted.
She Minuets danc'd, and Riggadoons;
On Spinnet play'd a dozen Tunes.
Babies laid by, herſelf ſhe dreſs'd:
Cou'd flirt her Fan, and heave her Breaſt.
Taper her Waiſt, not full two Span:
And Paleneſs indicated Man.
Here wiſely he addreſs'd himſelf;
For he was dipp'd, and ſhe had Pelf.
She and Papa the Suit approv'd,
Which for Convenience he mov'd.

Wan Looks a healthy Bloom ſucceeds;
And well-pleas'd *Arabella* breeds.
His Nights, his Days, his Bride engroſs'd:
The Weſtern Club ſwear *Townly*'s loſt.
The Landlord does his Abſence mourn,
And ſweating Faggots ſlowly burn:
With ſputt'ring Blaze the Lights ſcarce ſhine:
Cold Ham's inſipid: flat the Wine.
The Moon, pale Goddeſs of the Night,
Did twice her ſilver Creſcent light:
Twice was her ample Orb compleat,
To guide late Topers thro' the Street.
The fond Fit over now, he goes
T' enjoy his Bottle at the *Roſe*.
The jolly Club their Friend careſs,
And Bumpers round their Joy expreſs.
The fleeting Hours unheeded glide,
And *Townly* quite forgets his Bride.
The Time was now approaching, when
The Mid-night Magiſtrates convene,
Appoint the Watch, the City-Guard,
Who ſtrict patrol each Street and Ward;
Ferret from Brothels low-pric'd Sinners,
Who drudge in borrow'd Silks and Pinners;

Oft

Oft doom'd to Durance, where ſmart Switch
Severely lays their wanton Itch.
At this late Hour pert *Mincing* goes
To call her Maſter from the *Roſe*.
— Well, *Mincing*, and how is't at Home?
— The Clock ſtruck 12. Me'm begs you'd come.
— What? 12? then it can ſtrike no more.
Avaunt's the Word: You ſee the Door.
She to her Miſtreſs haſtes in Tears;
Her fruitleſs Embaſſy declares.
How tedious Grief makes Minutes run!
Her Ear impatient waits for One.
— Ah! *Mincing*, to thy Maſter fly,
And bring him with thee, or I die.
See! (ſaid the Wags) again ſhe's come.
A Burſt of Laughter ſhakes the Room.
— Is ſhe, or You, th' Impertinent?
— Your Pardon, Sir: but I am ſent.
She has no Fault, but Love's Exceſs.
But, Sir, 'tis One.— It can't be leſs,
My Liberty I here enjoy:
A Friend and Bottle never cloy,

To boon Companions, Woman is
In Life a meer Parentheſis;
A Clauſe which may be let alone,
Us'd here, or there; it is all one.
There's Rhet'ric for you—paſs! be gone!
Melpomene herſelf can't tell
The Agonies of *Arabell*,
When *Mincing* came — but yet no Spouſe.
Falſe Man! (ſhe cry'd) ah! faithleſs Vows!
Did he not ſwear he'd bid adieu,
For *Bell*'s Sake, to that drunken Crew?
I thought myſelf, of him poſſeſs'd,
Beyond my Lady Mayoreſs bleſs'd;
And ſhou'd refuſe to change my Place
With ermin'd Counteſs, or her Grace.
— Ah! Mem, your La'ſhip don't know all,
What Names did he poor Women call!
Prentices, Rettricks, — I've forgot —
Said, Men might uſe us — or might not:
Or here, or there — beſt let alone:
Then, Conjurer like, cry'd Paſs! be gone!
Poor *Arabell* no more cou'd bear,
Oppreſs'd with Spleen and wild Deſpair,

She

She ſhriek'd, ſhe ſob'd, ſhe laugh'd, ſhe cry'd.
Salts, *Aſa Fœtida*, were ply'd;
Feathers and Tinder burnt, to ſmother
That Female Fiend ycleap'd the *Mother*:
The Brat of Pride, ſo very nice,
Rais'd by Perfumes, from Stinks it flies.
The Spirit laid, ſhe weeps again.
So Tempeſts end in milder Rain.
— O *Mincing*, ſhall I bear it? No.
Papa ſhall ſoon my Suff'rings know.
But now the roſy-finger'd Morn
The Hours with Saffron Vail adorn;
Once more ſhe is reſolv'd to try
To make her ſtubborn Spouſe comply.
— Go, *Minny*, quickly, bring him here,
And my laſt Luteſtring Suit you wear.
Thus fee'd, ſhe to the Tavern flies,
Swift as gay *Iris* from the Skies.
— If Love, or Pity, can't prevail;
The Fear of Scandal cannot fail.
The Day is broke — What then? (ſaid he)
Who owes me nought, may break for me.
-- Watching and Grief diſtract her Head.
— Then I adviſe ſhe go to Bed.

— Sir,

—Sir, the Sun's up.—It ſhou'd be ſo:
He farther has than I to go.
Phœbus ſhall light me to my Love,
And *Bacchus* both our Joys improve.

Twice Marry'd, never Match'd.

—— τὴν καλὰ σαυτὸν ἔχε. *Gr. Epig.*

HEN *England's Proteus* firſt a Help-meet took,
(That wicked Father of a rambling Duke)
In glorious Days whoſe Malice form'd a *Teſt*,
She'd half the Clergy ſtarve, and damn the reſt: *
Wiſe and Religious, ſhe was deem'd unfit
For him, an Atheiſt, yet a Hypocrite.
Cold Death the Bands of *Hymen* ſoon unty'd,
And ſever'd from the Peer too good a Bride.
He Warning took, and choſe a ſecond Mate,
Noble, and rich—but *Venus ſans la Tête.*
Unhappy he of both Extreams complains:
That had too much; *This* too little Brains.

* It was his own pious Boaſt.

TO

TO

VITRIOL TOUCHWOOD, *Esq*;

YOUR Savage Manners when you would excuse
By being drunk; know, *Bacchus* you abuse.
The modest God to Brutes ne'er turns Mankind:
But shews the Native Rancour of the Mind.
Thy Malice I forgive, at least despise:
Nor, like *Domitian*, wage a War with Flies.

SOCRATES

SOCRATES TO ALCIBIADES.

Quæ regio in terris tanti non plena furoris?
VIRG. *Æn.*

AFRICK her Serpents dreads. The Crocodile,
That weeping Murd'rer, does infeſt the *Nile*.
The falſe Hyena, with a human Voice,
Deludes th' unwary Shepherds, and deſtroys.
Italian Fiddles ſcarce the Tortures cure,
Which they from their Tarantula endure.
On diff'rent Climates diff'rent Evils fall;
But *Shrews* are Evils epidemical.
No happy Region does Exemption know:
You'll find the Sex alike, where'er you go.

They

They pout, they ſmile, now bluſter, now
cajole;
'Till, right or wrong, they reign without
Controll.
Then learn of me, dear Pupil, if you'll wed,
Much rather than be driven, to be led.

THE

MARKETEERS,

CLODDY and *HOB*.

A

TALE.

CLODDY to Market jogs, to
purchaſe Sheep,
And ſell a Cow, he would no
longer keep.
Thither uxurious *Hob*, by *Prudence* ſent,
For a Milch-Cow, Salt, Hops, and Inckle went.
Of all the Cattle, *Cloddy*'s pleas'd his Eyes.
He handled firſt, and then he ask'd the Price.

C. Eight Marks. *H.* That's dear. But e'er I bid, declare
What Faults ſhe has. *C.* In this I'll be ſincere.
Let Mountebanks and Jockies cheat with Lies.
She's coming Four. You ſee her Shape and Size.
Our Parſon's Bull her Sire, and *Marigold*
Her Dam, for fifteen Nobles lately ſold.
She nimbly on each Side, like Threſher's Flail,
To Flies deſtructive whirls her bruſhing Tail.
Her Forehead large; deep Shoulder'd; and broad Chin'd:
Shapely her Neck; long-ſided; and wide pin'd.
Of Milk her ſtrutting Udder ne'er does fail.
Only beware ſhe kicks not down the Pail.
H. Your Lot and mine are, *Cloddy*, near the ſame.
You have a waſpiſh Cow; and I a Dame.
To Houſewifery from Bib and Apron brought;
To get, as well as ſave, by Parents taught.
Then, if we may with Gentlefolk compare,
Our 'Squire's own Lady hardly is ſo fair.
Strait her tall Limbs, and taper is her Waiſte.
Then ſhe has Words at Will. *C.* But is ſhe chaſte?
H. Yes:

H. Yes: As a Tempeſt chaſte. So ſqueamiſh, coy;
That, whilſt I all poſſeſs, I nought enjoy.
Adzooks — could you and I the Bargain make—
You ſhou'd my *Prudy*; I'd your *Cherry* take.
C. Excuſe me, *Hob*, and keep at Home your Spouſe;
I'd rather deal with ten ſuch wincing Cows.

CUDDY's HOG.

A TALE.

CUDDY, a wealthy Clown near *Avon*'s Streams,
Had Kine, and fleecy Flocks, and luſty Teams:
But luſty Teams, and fleecy Flocks, and Kine,
Not half the Pleaſure gave him, as his Swine.
Not ſo the 'Squire, his Landlord lov'd his Dogs,
And ſwift-foot Bay, as *Cuddy* did his Hogs.

One fav'rite Slip to all the grunting Herd,
Cuddy and Dame, with *Hodge* and *Beſs*, prefer'd.
Endear'd by hopeful Shape, and landy Hue,
He better far'd than all, and faſter grew.
Two Winters had he ſeen of pamper'd Life:
The third conſigns him to the fatal Knife.

The Harveſt in, Abroad he freely roves,
He gleans each Arift, and his Bulk improves.
Rais'd to full Height, and lazy grown with Fat,
His broad Ears lopping, like a Stag's his Slat.
Leſs was the Boar, which *Meleager* ſlew:
Nor greater he, which *Erymanthus* knew,
And mighty *Hercules* cou'd ſcarce ſubdue.

The Days contracting, now th' unweary'd Sun
His Courſe diurnal does thro' *Scorpion* run,
Leaves falling, whiſtling Winds, and dripping Rain,
Drive *Cuddy*'s Hog to his warm Sty again.

Leſs pamper'd they, leſs pleaſing was their Den,
Whom *Circe*'s Bowls transform'd to Swine from Men.

Of Pulſe the various Kinds his Palate pleaſe,
Barley, or Oats, or Thirſt-provoking Peaſe.
Sweet fat'ning Draughts the Dairy ſtill affords;
Skim'd Milk, or Whey freſh ſtrain'd from ſnowy Curds.
A Niggard's Bounty makes the Wife beware:
His Feaſt's a Bait, and ev'ry Gift a Snare.
To line his ſmoaky Roof cloſe *Cuddy* treats.
The thoughtleſs Glutton to his Ruin eats.
Cuddy and Dame reſolve, the Hour draws nigh,
The fated briſtly Epicure ſhall die.
'So Provinces when hungry Baſhaws drain,
'Their Plunder proves, at laſt, their Maſter's Gain.
'Indulg'd awhile, till grown unweildy great,
'They're ſquees'd like Spunges, to relieve the State.
Targol, relentleſs Miniſter of Death,
Attends to put a Period to his Breath.
Targol, to bloody Slaughter long inur'd,
Firſt with hard-griping Rope his Jaws ſecur'd;
Then ſtab'd the Priſ'ner, to a Plank cloſe bound,
And Life indignant ruſhes thro' the Wound.

Cuddy

Cuddy rejoic'd to see his Hog die well:
But how to save his Bacon cou'd not tell.
"His *Worship* will expect a Chine, I know.
"A Flay-rib must to our Excise-man go.
"Dame for her Gossips dribs a Share: Besides,
"Puddings and Sausages for longing Brides.
"Dear *Targol*, to thy Friend some Counsel give,
"And he thy Counsel grateful will receive."
"There's but one Thing (says *Targol*) you can do,
"To save your Bacon, and your Credit too.
"To the old Barn, where nothing now is laid,
"The Pig anon be secretly convey'd.
"By Morning's Light I'll for your Orders wait,
"To cut him up. You meet me at the Gate:
"Say the Pig's stol'n; and mimick wild Despair;
"And frantick seem your matted Locks to tear.
"Soon will the Lye be caught by flying Fame,
"And all the Villagers your Loss proclaim."
Much pleas'd the Rustick was with *Targol*'s Wit:
But *Targol* more, who thus the Cully bit.

Night's

Night's Mantle now with Stars was ſpangled o'er,
And weary Hinds in Sleep's Embraces ſnore.
But *Targol*, watchful for the deſtin'd Prey,
To the known Barn purſues his ſilent Way.
All *Cuddy*'s Hopes are on his Panniers ſtow'd,
And *Dobbin* groans beneath th' oppreſſive Load.

Soon as *Aurora* left *Tithonus*' Bed,
And orient Light on higheſt Hills was ſhed,
Cuddy, whoſe Mind ſad Dreams did diſcompoſe,
From his Flock-bed and frowſy Dame aroſe.
Strait to the Barn he does impatient haſte,
To ſee, what he ſhall never ſee, nor taſte.
Amaz'd he ſtands, he can no further go;
Grief choaks his Voice, nor Words, nor Tears can flow.
Like *Niobe*, he's petrify'd with Woe.
At length the Rope upon the Floor he ſpy'd,
By which his Darling to the Beam was ty'd.
" And is this all (he ſaid) the Villains left?
" This end my Sorrows — of my Pig bereft."
Propitious Stars in Time had *Targol* ſent,
To reſcue *Cuddy* from the dire Intent.

" Hey!

"Hey! What's the Matter, Man? cheer up,
brave Soul.
"How pale thy Cheeks! how mad thy Eye-
Balls roll!
"—Loſt, and undone! they've ſtol'n my Hog
away—
"Well acted, faith. Why, ſo I bid you ſay.—
—Nay, ſee! there, there he hung.—Why,
better ſtill:
"And I, who know the Joke, admire your
Skill.
"—My real Grief ſuch joking cannot brook.
"Curs'd be the Hour, when I ſuch Counſel
took.
"Who of their Store to Friends a Share refuſe,
"Thus robb'd of *All*, their *All* unpity'd loſe."

The WOLF, *the* FOX, *and the* APE.

A

FABLE.

Cum Bitho Bacchius. —— HOR.

I *SGRIM* on open Rapine liv'd;
Reynard by Fraud and pilf'ring thriv'd.
One Day, (nor is it ſtrange to ſee
Rogues, ſoon or late, to diſagree,)
The *Robber* of the *Thief* complain'd,
H'ad ſtol'n, what he by Valour gain'd.
Long did this Altercation laſt;
Hard Words, no Blows, between 'em paſs'd.
The Warrior Vermin ſcorn'd to bite:
And Wits were never made for Fight.
T' a Reference they both agree,
And *Pug* ſhould the ſole Umpire be.

Solemn and grave *Pug* Umpire ſate,
Attent to hear the grand Debate.
Th' Indictment firſt, then Anſwer read;
The Parties bid alternate plead.
Surly as *Ajax*, *Iſgrim* ſpake.
" Expect not I ſhould Speeches make:
" Let crafty Knaves their Rogueries
" With ſtudy'd Eloquence diſguiſe;
" By War I my hard Living get,
" And bravely win whate'er I eat.
" Dear we deſerve for what we fight.
" Conqueſt was *Alexander*'s Right.
" Ven'ſon I had good Store, and Beef,
" 'Till pillag'd by this wily Thief.
" If Laws ſuch pilf'ring Rogues will ſave;
" There is no living for the Brave.
" I caught him feaſting his vile Paunch
" With what he ne'er cou'd catch, a Haunch."
'Twas a home Charge: And *Reynard* now
Muſt anſwer — firſt he made his Bow;
Then ſoothing ſaid — " O thou in Face
" Approaching neareſt human Race,
" My juſt Defence with Patience hear:
" I doubt not but my Cauſe to clear.

" *Iſgrim*

" *Isgrim* in his Indictment said,
" That Fraud and Thieving was my Trade.
" Admit it true — yet, which is worse,
" Or dext'rous Slight, or dangerous Force?
" I own, sometimes, when I am sick,
" I've been advis'd to tender Chick.
" Against a Feast, perhaps, a Goose,
" I knew what Niggard best cou'd lose;
" So borrow'd, what he ne'er wou'd use.
" By leaping when I've strain'd my Back,
" And did a Lamb-skin Swather lack;
" Some puny Thing I've chose, just dying,
" For whom the Crows in wait were lying.
" The little Pranks I've plaid were light.
" A Fox did never Farmer fright,
" I rob his Larder? — all he gets
" Each Day improvident he eats.
" No Parties does his Hunger know;
" Alike he plunders, Friend or Foe.
" I ever have a Conscience made,
" To wrong a Brother of the Trade."

Patient *Pug* heard what either spoke:
Maturely then thus Silence broke,

" My Sentence is, that neither you,
" Bold *Isgrim*, loſt, for what you ſue:
" Nor that, ſly *Reynard*, you are clear;
" Tho' ſmoothly you the Theft forſwear."
Had Juſtice G----n ſcan'd the Matter,
Or dread *D----l* * been Arbitrator:
Cou'd they have made a fairer End on't,
'Twixt *Plaintiff-Robber*, *Thief-Defendant*?

MORAL.

Known Lyars can no more deceive;
Shou'd they ſpeak Truth, none will believe.

* Two eminent Juſtices of the Peace in *Middleſex*, remarkable for Induſtry and Intrepidity in bringing Peccants to condign Puniſhment.

AN EPILOGUE TO THE *COMMITTEE.*

'TWAS kindly done, good People, thus to come,
And ſpread new Joy thro' this forſaken Dome *.
Where Saints on Cuſhion, as on Anvil, beat;
And melted Hearts, not by their Senſe, but Sweat.
With heaving Lungs, Mouth open, cloſe ſhut Eyes,
They rail'd at Biſhops, Croſs, and Liturgies;
Plumb-broth as Pop'ry damn'd, and *Chriſtmaſs* Pyes.

* The Houſe the Comedians hired at *Malmsbury*, in King *Charles*'s Reign, had been a Conventicle in the Times of Confuſion.

Nay,

Nay, *Chriſtmaſs* Gifts diſclaim'd — yet did connive at
Whate'er from holy Sifter came in private.
For, Husband reprobate, and no Believer;
The Wife, who fed the Saints, was no Deceiver.
Publick, and cheap our Pay, when we held forth:
Loud Claps proclaim'd you had your Penny-worth.
We vent no Schiſm, blow no Party-rage:
All know there's no Religion on the Stage.
In this the Hypocrites with us agree:
They are not what they ſeem; no more are we.
Both they and we to pleaſe our Audience ſtrain;
Their Godlineſs and ours alike is Gain.
Here lies, we freely own, the Diff'rence — They
The Farce of Preaching acted — We a Play.

ABRAMIS:

OR, THE

VICTORY of FAITH.

PREFACE.

AMONGST many Paſſages of Holy Writ, which the prophane Wits of theſe Times have given themſelves the wicked Diverſion of ridiculing, that Part of Abraham's *Hiſtory, which relates to his Offering his Son* Iſaac, *became the Subject of Enquiry and Diſpute. The Banter upon it was carried on indeed with an Air of Serioufneſs. What they offer'd was brought to this Dilemma; That either* Abraham, *the Father of the Faithful, was very credulous, to ſuppoſe ſo benign and holy a Being as God could command ſo ſhocking, ſo inhumane a Piece of Cruelty, as for a Father to ſacrifice his own Son; or elſe this Part of* Moſes's *Hiſtory muſt be Allegorical.*

This occaſion'd Mr. Luck *to write a Latin Poem, entitled* ABRAMIS; *a Subject he thought worthy the Pains of a Clergyman, who was*

was ne'er the worse a Latin Poet, for being in his 60*th Year. This Piece he was not afraid to dedicate to the Excellent and Orthodox Biſhop of* London; *though that Prelate had provok'd the Indignation of the Great, by his ſteadfaſt Zeal, and ſucceſsful Labours, in oppoſing Infidelity, and aſſerting the Truth of Reveal'd Religion.*

This Latin Poem has been very lately tranſlated into Engliſh *Verſe by one, who ſubſcribes himſelf* Philomuſus: *The original Manuſcript whereof, the Publiſher of this* Collection of Select POEMS *has in his Hands, and has Leave to publiſh, and addreſs it to the* Engliſh *Reader; which he does with all due Devoir and Reſpect. The Tranſlator has no Apology to offer for his Performance: He ſays, if it needs one, it can't deſerve it. The Publiſher has added three or four ſhort Notes at the End, which he hopes will not be unacceptable.*

FAITH's Triumph, and th' Heroick Youth I ſing,
His Father's Victim to th' immortal King.
Thro' various Hazards *ABRAM* travel'd fat,
Inur'd to Toil, ſucceſsful ſtill in War.
Devout in ev'ry Land did Altars raiſe,
To Great *JEHOVAH* Monuments of Praiſe.

With

With Honours crown'd, at laſt the Patriarch choſe,
By fam'd *Beer-ſheba*'s Well, a ſweet Repoſe.
The neighb'ring Princes all around rever'd
His holy Wiſdom, and his Proweſs fear'd.
Of ev'ry choiceſt Gift in Life poſſeſs'd,
Yet he ſuperior own'd to all the reſt
His late-born Son, Heaven's Gift, his only Heir,
ISAAC, his Father's Hope, his juſteſt Care:
Deſign'd for Grandeur; from whoſe Loins muſt flow
Nations and Princes. God had promis'd ſo.

Calm was the Night, for Contemplation fit,
When he beneath Heaven's Canopy did ſit.
Whilſt grateful he his former Years reviews,
And Fancy pleas'd the various Scene purſues:
Whilſt curious he the glitt'ring Stars ſurveys,
And in their Motions reads his Maker's Praiſe;
To him, as oft before, *JEHOVAH* ſpake.
"You and your Son, by Morn, a Journey take.

Ver. 8. *By fam'd* Beer-ſheba's *Well*] *Beer-ſheba*, i. e. the Well of the Oath; ſo call'd from the League of Friendſhip made between *Abraham* and *Abimelech* King of *Gerar*, at this memorable Well. This is the Scriptural Name; other Writers call it *Berſabe*, whom the *Latin* Poem follows.

"Far hence *Moriah*'s Hill Cloud-cover'd ſtands,
"That gives its Name to all th' adjacent Lands:
"There offer *ISAAC* on my Altar's Fire;
"The Son the Victim, and the Prieſt his Sire."
Doubtful if this a real Voice he hears,
Or Dreams illuſive did abuſe his Ears,
The Patriarch ſtands: For what, if true, would grieve,
The Mind reluctant does for true receive.
What! can I doubt (he ſaid) the Heavenly Sound?
So often heard? and ever faithful found?
When firſt th' Almighty to me did appear,
With Glory veil'd, that mortal Senſe might bear;
You, and your Houſe, your native *Ur* forſake,
And your Abode (he ſaid) at *Charran* make.
There we entomb'd my Father's dear Remains,
And *Charran* chang'd for *Moreh*'s fruitful Plains.
How did thy Grant, O God! my Toils o'erpay,
That once rich *Canaan* ſhould my Race obey!

From

From thence (for ſo th' Almighty did command,)
We travers'd, Heaven our Guide, the Promis'd Land.
By Dearth compell'd, to *Ægypt*'s happy Soil
We mov'd, ſtill grateful to the Tiller's Toil.
My beauteous *SARAH*, whom I Siſter call'd,
(Shame on my Fear) the Monarch's Heart enthrall'd.
Whom he his Royal Conſort would have made:
But dreadful Prodigies the Wrong forbade.
The modeſt King did her untouch'd reſtore,
Reprov'd me friendly, and encreas'd my Store.
Thence to the Promis'd Land I turn'd again,
And pitch'd my Camp in valiant *Mamre*'s Plain.
Again my God his Promiſe did proclaim,
A Race unnumber'd, Wealth, and endleſs Fame.

Ver. 54. *In valiant* Mamre's *Plain.*] *Mamre* was one of *Abraham*'s Allies, who join'd him, when he fell upon and vanquiſh'd *Cherderlaomer*, and his Confederate Kings, and recover'd from them the rich Spoils and Captives, amongſt whom was *Lot*, *Abraham*'s Nephew, whom they had juſt before carried off from *Sodom*. This *Mamre* gave Name alſo to the City about two Miles from thence, afterwards call'd *Hebron*.

God my auſpicious Guide, I did regain
The Captives, and rich Spoils from *Sodom* ta'en.
How were my Joys improv'd that Day, to ſave
My *Lot* from being ſome proud Tyrant's Slave!
My *SARAH* knew not yet a Mother's Joy:
With ardent Vows again ſhe ask'd a Boy.
Our God indulgent did the Pray'r approve,
And by an Omen ev'ry Doubt remove.
" Take thou a She-Goat from thy plenteous Fold,
" A Ram, a Heifer, each of three Years old:
" Let theſe be chin'd, and on my Altar put:
" With theſe a Pidgeon, and a Dove, uncut."
He ſpake, and I obey'd. The Day was paſt,
And horrid Darkneſs all the Sky o'ercaſt.
My trembling Limbs and Eyes deep Slumbers bound;
My Soul ſtill waking heard the well-known Sound.
" Thy Race hereafter ſhall to *Egypt* go,
" And there the galling Yoke of Bondage know.

" Four

" Four Ages ſpent, I'll ſet the Captives free,
" My Vengeance on their Tyrants they ſhall
ſee:
" Triumphant hither ſhall return again;
" Honours and Wealth enjoy, and wide Domain,
" Whoſe Bounds ſhall be from fam'd *Euphrates*
Flood
" To Lands enrich'd by *Nile*'s prolifick Mud.
" Firſt peaceful Olive ſhall adorn thy Head:
" Thou, ripe for Heav'n, be with thy
SARAH laid."
I wak'd, and lo! before my wond'ring Eyes
A rolling Fire conſumes the Sacrifice.
A curling Cloud of Smoke aſcends the Sky;
I bow'd, and own'd the happy Augury.

Ver. 80. —— *by* Nile's *prolifick Mud.*] The *Latin* Poem ſays *Ægyptius amnis.* Some will have the River of *Egypt*, (mention'd *Gen.* xv. 18.) not to be *Nile*, but a little River Eaſtward of that, which diſcharges itſelf into the *Mediterranean*, near the City *Gaza*. But as their River has no Name, it deſerves no Notice in a Poem.

Ver. 82. —— *be with thy* Sarah *laid.*] The *Latin* Poem ſays — *patrio condêre Sepulchro*; where *patrio Sepulchro* can't relate to the Place of his Nativity, for that was *Ur*; nor to the Sepulchre of his Father, for *Terah* was buried at *Charran*; but to the Place of his Settlement and uſual Abode towards the latter Part of his Life; for *Machpelah*, where he purchaſed a Field and a Cave for a Sepulchre for his Wife *Sarah*, himſelf, and Poſterity, was but a little diſtant from *Mamre*.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd Hour! when thus my God vouchſaf'd to ſay,
(With Joy be it remember'd ſtill) "This Day
"Be circumcis'd, and ev'ry Male of thine:
"This ſolemn Rite ſhall conſecrate 'em mine.
"This be the Cov'nant; but defer the Seal
"To the eighth Morn, for ev'ry future Male.
"Obey: and know, thy *SARAH* yet ſhall bear
"A Bleſſing to the World, to thee an Heir."
How patient was my God! his Wrath how ſlow!
How willing to forbear the threaten'd Blow!
For *Sodom* oft I mov'd, as oft was heard;
For ten good Men, whole Cities had been ſpar'd.
But who was I, that the World's Sov'reign Lord
Should with his Preſence grace my humble Board?
That Majeſty ſhould deign to talk and hear?
Nor does he now leſs manifeſt appear,
But can I think, who's infinitely good,
Would have his Altar ſtain'd with human Blood?
Suppoſe his holy Will my Son demands,
Muſt my Son ſuffer by his Father's Hands?

This

This hard Dilemma does my Soul divide;
Or diſobey, or be a Parricide.
Think'ſt thou like God, vain Man? conceited Fool!
Would'ſt thou his Actions order by thy Rule?
Go, ſpan Heaven's Curtain, ſay, how wide it is;
And with thy Plummet ſound th' immenſe Abyſs.
His Will is Reaſon: Law is his Commands;
Fit, or unfit, he only underſtands.
I'm but a Father—what God wills is right:
Mercy and Wiſdom in his Power unite.
The glorious Promiſe makes me not repine:
My ſelf, my Hopes, my *ISAAC* I reſign.
His own eternal Wiſdom find the Way
To his own End—determin'd I obey.
E'er the fair Morn diſpell'd the Miſts of Night,
And *Phœbus* call'd to gild the World with Light,
Watchful he calls his *ISAAC* from his Bed,
Refreſh'd with Sleep, from pure Digeſtion bred:

With

With him two Servants joins, both loyal Hearts;
These most he trusts, to these his Mind imparts.
"Far hence a solemn Sacrifice I pay;
"Nor does th' appointed Time admit Delay.
"You only shall I want: arise." —They wake,
Each does his proper Share of Business take.
Cleft Billets on the lab'ring Ass they lay,
Patient of Burthen, careful of his Way.
The Patriarch, his Journey thus prepar'd,
Early begins; *JEHOVAH*'s Self his Guard.
Twice had the Sun his Course diurnal pass'd,
They thro' the Desert's solitary Waste
Pursue their Way: Again the rosy Morn
Did the glad World with orient Light adorn.
Now *Terah*'s Son from far the Mountain spies,
Whose venerable Head approach'd the Skies:
Its Foot he reach'd; then to his Servants spake;
"No farther Pains, my faithful Lads, you take,
"Your Journey's finish'd; now indulge to Ease:
"You and the weary'd Ass I here release.

ISAAC

"*ISAAC* the Fewel and cleft Wood ſhall bear;
"The conſecrated Fire ſhall be my Care.
"We two alone the Mountain will aſcend;
"Expect us, when the ſacred Rites ſhall end."
Without Delay the Patriarch is obey'd,
On *ISAAC*'s Shoulders the cleft Wood is laid;
To him the conſecrated Fire they give,
With Food and grateful Reſt themſelves relieve.
The Way, reſolv'd tho penſive, *ABRAM* leads:
With wary Step his loaded Son ſucceeds:
Againſt the ſteep Aſcent prone-bending ſtrains,
'Till ſlowly ſure the Mountain's Top he gains.
There a ſmooth Plain the Travellers receives,
Whoſe verdant Carpet their tir'd Feet relieves,
To their pleas'd Eyes a various Proſpect yields,
Woods, Cities, winding Vales, extended Fields;
The wavy Tilth, and Silver Streams, which glide
Thro' flow'ry Banks, and fertile Lands divide.

Beauteous the Landskip, and immenſe the Space!
The fated Realms of *ISAAC*'s future Race.
Gazing he ſtands in Admiration loſt;
So fair a Scene had ev'ry Thought engroſs'd:
'Till the good Father interrupts his Joy,
And with 'Monition mild recalls the Boy.
" No longer Time we can for Sights allow,
" The holy Rites demand Attention now."
The bluſhing Youth his Father's Word reveres,
Quits the ſweet Proſpect, and for Work prepares.
An Altar ſoon of living Turf they raiſe,
On it the Wood in skilful Order place.
" The ſacred Altar's ready, (*ISAAC* ſaid)
" But where's the Victim on it to be laid?"
With a deep Sigh, which heav'd his ſwelling Breaſt,
And the ſad Anguiſh of his Soul confeſs'd,
The Sire reply'd. " My deareſt *ISAAC* ſtands
The deſtin'd Victim.—So our God commands.

Sooner

Sooner I ſhould have told thee.-Ills foreknown
With greater Conſtancy are undergone.
But now- by thy own Father - oh! my Son!"

The Youth, whilſt Tears flow down his aged Cheeks,
Intrepid heard; and calmly thus he ſpeaks.
"So well inſtructed by thy pious Care,
"T' obey my God or Father can I fear?
"Paternal Sorrow by thoſe Tears is ſhown;
"And that I am belov'd I grateful own,
"Fond Nature pleads--oh! let it plead in vain,
"And conqu'ring Faith the nobler Triumph gain.
"Fear not for me; what is decreed, be done."
Thus he, ſtrange Counſel! urg'd his Father on.
Heroick Piety above his Years!
His Words the hoary Sire with Wonder hears,
Whilſt his whole Image in his Son appears.

Now on the Pile the willing Victim lays;
The gleaming Steel he draws, and thus he prays.

" Great God! obedient to whoſe high Command
" Sweet *Ur* I quitted, and my native Land:
" Thou my auſpicious Guide, I did explore
" Far diſtant Climes, unknown to me before.
" Whole Hecatombs who on thy Altar lay,
" Leſs pleaſe than he, who does thy Will obey.
" Thou, when my Lamp of Life was almoſt done,
" Didſt ſend th' unhop'd-for Comfort of a Son.
" Him thou demand'ſt again; him I reſign;
" So is it meet — for he was always thine.
" Firmneſs of Soul, my God, on him beſtow,
" Strengthen my feeble Arm to ſtrike the Blow."

Devout he pray'd. The Weapon lifted high,
Was juſt deſcending; when from Eaſtern Sky
It thunder'd mild; the Heavenly Voice was heard.

" Thy Faith has conquer'd. Be lov'd *ISAAC* ſpar'd.
" Know, worthy Youth, 'tis Heaven's peculiar Grace,
" When ſuch an Offspring's born from ſuch a Race.

" *MESSIAH*

" *MESSIAS*, when he deigns to visit Earth,
" Thy Line will honour with his wond'rous
Birth.
" See there a Ram entangled: let him bleed,
" A fitter Sacrifice, in *ISAAC*'s Stead.

FINIS.

« MESSIAS, when bedeigns to visit Earth,
« Thy Line will honour with his wond'rous
Birth.
« See there a Ra[illegible] : let him bleed,
« A first Sacrifice [illegible] C's Stead. &c.

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FINIS.